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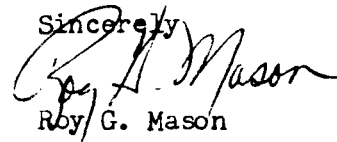
REMINISCE Magazine
Editorial Office
5400 S. 60th St.
Greendale, WI 53129

Gentlemen:

I am attaching a little story which I experienced as a U.S. Navy man during World War II. I have finally taken the time to write it up and am sending to you to use or not use as you see fit.

I suppose as we age and think more seriously about our life experiences we come to the realization that what we once considered insignificant has value beyond the incident itself. In this case, obviously, the GI who contributed unselfishly to the incident is the real story. I'm only sorry that I did not acknowledge his efforts much, much sooner.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Roy G. Mason". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Roy" and last name "Mason" clearly legible. It is positioned above the printed name "Roy G. Mason".

Roy G. Mason

I have told this story many times to friends and acquaintances and always as a humorous anecdote. Recently, however, I realized it has more value than just humor. What do you think?

During the World War II years just prior to the Phillipine Islands invasion, I was stationed in Hollandia, (now Jayapura) New Guinea, as a Naval Radioman with the 7th Fleet Flag headquarters. Our watch schedule called for us to be on duty every 4th night from midnite to 6:00 a.m., after which we would all go down to the beach for a dip prior to breakfast and a sleep session.

On this particular morning as we neared ^{the} ~~the~~ beach area we could hear the strains of music coming from a distance. As we came closer we could recognize the tune but noticed frequent interruptions. When we got to the beach we found the source of the music and the reason for the interruptions. Standing out in the water up to his neck, was a New Guinea lad, probably 13 or 14 years old, playing a harmonica. The interruptions were caused by waves breaking over his head. The tune--you guessed it, "You Are My Sunshine."

Obviously, some GI had given this lad the harmonica, and spent countless hours teaching him how to play this one tune. It is doubtful this lad ever pursued a career in music, but it does point out some of the secondary contributions the American GI made to the country in which he was serving.

If the GI who spent these tireless hours is still alive and happens to read this ditty, I want him to know his efforts did not go unnoticed and unappreciated.